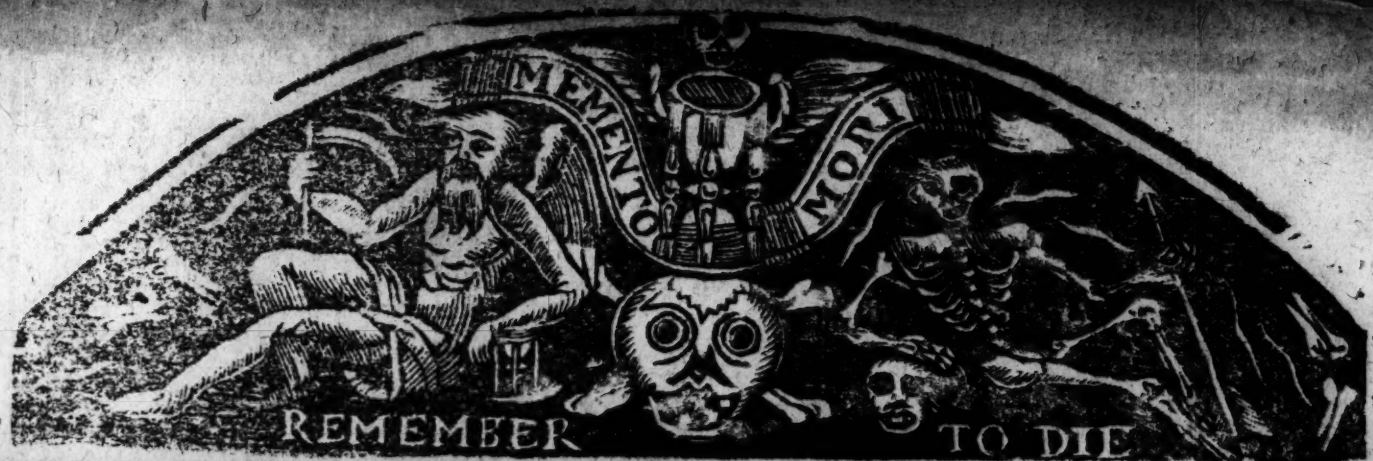




# AN ELEGY,

## On the Death of the late Famous Doctor Titus Oates ;

*Who departed this Life, at his House in Ax-yard, Westminster, on Thursday the 12th of July, 1705. in the 68th Year of his Age.*

Written by the *Observer*.

**T**HE Plot is spoild and we are all undone,  
Alas alas ! Dear *Titus Oates* is gone;  
That famous *Dipping Priest* has left the cause  
To fall a Prey into the *Lyon's Paws* :  
No loss like this, could ever so affright us,  
We shall want Tears to shed for Glorious *Titus* :  
Oh ! cruel Fate, to catch poor *Titus* Napping,  
While he was making Female Saints in *Wapping* :  
Could not some other Object Death suffice ;  
But he must snatch away the Glorious Prize :  
Methinks poor *Fuller* might have stop'd thy rage  
If none but Evidence must quit the Stage :  
But if such Mortals should be thought too Low,  
There's Moderator *Tutchin* and *De Foe* ;  
With many more, that might as well have tone,  
And let the hard Mouth'd Dr. still alone ;  
What harm has little *Titus* ever done ?  
Did not he find the Plot in Eighty One ?  
Did not he stand the test with Pains and Cost,  
And never left the Plot till 'twas quite lost ;  
Then found again strange Armies in the Clouds,  
And fetch'd or e *Sp. nish* Pilgrims here in Crowds.  
Case hardned *Titus* found out things unknown,  
Against the Church the People and the Throne ;  
Sharp *Popish* Knives, the Doctor 'spy'd by chance,  
As they were Sailing or e from bloody *France* ;  
Sharp sighted *Titus* saw such *Romish* Evils,  
As would have frighted *Popes*, as well as Devils :  
Pistols and Silver Bullets, were in Fashion,  
Which pleas'd the Fools and Knaves throughout  
the Nations ;  
Thus Famous *Oates*, fram'd Fancies in his Brest,  
And made the Plot both Wonder and a jest ;  
Some did believe, while others much more wise,  
Saw plainly that he told confounded Lies ;  
But by his Art, and Learned Skill in Law,  
He kept the greatest Persons all in aw,  
Nay, he was Idoliz'd and thought to be,  
The only Prop of our Security ;  
He was the Saviour of the Lord knows what,  
Besides the weekly Wages which he got ;  
The Plot went on, Divinity could Swear,  
No want of Proof if *Titus Oates* was there ;

The Cause was guarded with new Oathes Divine,  
And things were seen from *London* to the *Rhine* :  
Such wonders in those Days, the Doctor knew,  
And told us things more ten times strange then  
(true ;

But by mischance his fancy made a Slip,  
And then grave *Titus* underwent the Whip ;  
His tender Skin, though Chirrish'd just before,  
Was now with Lashes made exceeding Sore ;  
And still as if the Saint had not enough,  
He was advanced to the Wooden Ruff :  
And thus from one Misfortune to another,  
Went on the Fate of our unhappy Brother :  
Till better Fortune did adorn his Brow,  
And turn'd the Scale about as you know how :  
But now he's gone and left us here in Tears,  
As well in Troubles, as in Slavish Fears :  
There's not a Man of our Fanatick Gang,  
Can make a Plot, that's hardly fit to Hang :  
Search all our Tribe, now this learn'd Doctor's  
(Dead,

You'll scarcely find one, worth a bit of Bread :  
Then have not we just cause to mourn and weep  
When this great Champion's thus is laid Asleep :  
Farewel Dear Saint, since 'tis in vain to fret,  
Now Death has got thee in his fatal Net :  
We must have Patience, till the fates decree,  
And send us such another Man as thee.

### The EPI T A P H.

**H**ere lies a Doctor of Divine Profession,  
Who wore a Gown to Cover his Transgression :  
He chang'd his Faith as often as his Cloathes,  
Was very full of Plotts, as well as Oathes :  
The Pillory and Whip he did endure,  
To make his Reputation more secure :  
He suffer'd dismal Strokes upon his Back,  
Was Sainted in a certain Almanack :  
The Good old Cause, according to our Votes,  
Lies Buried under Ground with *Titus Oates*.